

MRS. WILSON PRESERVES QUINCES IN VARIOUS WAYS

Jam Is the Most Familiar Form in Which to Put Up This Fruit. Butter, Conserve and Chips Are Also Delicious

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

QUINCES, the fruit of Persia, may be canned, made into jellies, jams, butters, conserves or chips, and they are delicious in any chosen form.

Canned Quinces Wash and pare one peck of quinces and then cut them in half and discard the seeds. Place the quinces in a preserving kettle and cover with cold water. Bring to a boil and cook slowly until the quinces are tender. Now drain, measure the water in which the quinces were cooked and add one pound of sugar for each pint of juice. Return the juice and sugar to the preserving kettle.

Stir to dissolve the sugar and bring to a boil. Cook for five minutes and then add the drained quinces. Bring to a boil and simmer slowly until all the quinces are tender. Bring to a boil and then add the quinces and the juice and sugar. Fill to overflowing with sirup and then adjust the rubber and lid and partially tighten the lid. Process for thirty minutes in a hot-water bath and then remove seal securely and store in a cool dry place.

Now place the quince parings and seeds in a preserving kettle and cover with cold water and bring to a boil slowly. Cook until the pulp is very soft and mushy and then turn into a jelly bag and let drip overnight. In the morning measure the juice and return to the preserving kettle. Bring to a boil and then add the quince parings and seeds. Fill to overflowing with sirup and then adjust the rubber and lid and partially tighten the lid. Process for thirty minutes in a hot-water bath and then remove seal securely and store in a cool dry place.

Now add three-fourths cup of sugar for each cup of the measured juice in the preserving kettle. Stir to dissolve the sugar and then bring to a boil. Boil rapidly until sterilized glasses. When cooked, cover with melted paraffin. Cover the glasses either with tin covers or a piece of carborundum which has been rubbed to the top and then fasten to the glass with strips of paper which have been covered with library paste.

Quince Jam Wash one-fourth peck of quinces and then pare and slice very thin. Place in a preserving kettle and cover with cold water. Bring to a boil and cook slowly until soft. Now measure and return to the kettle and add two and three-fourths cups of sugar for each quart of the mixture. Stir to dissolve the sugar and bring to a boil. Cook until thick like jam. Stir frequently. Place, as a means of preventing burning, an asbestos mat under the kettle. Fill into sterilized jars and seal securely. Store in a cool, dry place.

Quince Butter This butter is quite somewhat similar to apple butter. Wash one-fourth peck of quinces and then pare, core and seed. Place in a preserving kettle and cover with cold water. Bring to a boil and cook slowly until soft. Now measure and return to the kettle and add two and three-fourths cups of sugar for each quart of the mixture. Stir to dissolve the sugar and bring to a boil. Cook until thick like jam. Stir frequently. Place, as a means of preventing burning, an asbestos mat under the kettle. Fill into sterilized jars and seal securely. Store in a cool, dry place.

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Quince Chips Quince chips are prepared like the crystallized fruits. The firmness of the quinces makes it very adaptable to this method. Wash one dozen large quinces and then pare and remove the seeds and cores. Cut in thin slices and place in a preserving kettle and cover with cold water. Bring to a boil and cook slowly until tender and then drain. Care must be taken that the quince does not become too soft. Just as soon as 75 broom straw will pierce the quince thin drain. Now prepare

Four pounds of sugar. One quart of half cups of water. Juice of one lemon. Bring to a boil and cook for five minutes and then add the prepared quince. Heat slowly to the boiling point and then place where it will simmer for one-half hour. Lift each slice and let cool for twenty-four hours; then heat to the boiling point and cook slowly for one-half hour. Turn into a large bowl and let stand for twenty-four hours. Reheat the jelly and cook one hour. Turn into a sieve to drain. Separate each piece and roll in powdered sugar. Set on wax paper in a warm place to dry. Pack in layers in a tin with wax paper between layers with wax paper. Seal and store in a cool place.

Place the slices that is left from the chips in sterilized bottles. Stand the bottles in a preserving kettle and fill with water. Process for thirty minutes. Seal and then dip the tops of the bottles in melted paraffin. This quince honey is delicious on loaves or as a sauce, or for puddings, etc.

To the water which was drained from cooking the quinces tender, add the parings and seeds and cores and sufficient water to cover, and proceed as for jelly.

SALES SLIP One and one-half pounds pork kidneys \$ .30 NEBS \$ .03 Milk \$ .03 Scalloped onions \$ .05 Onion, bread-panked egg and parsley \$ .05 Sweet potatoes \$ .05 One can peas \$ .05 Carrots \$ .04 Lettuce and mushrooms \$ .05 Rice \$ .04 Chocolate sauce \$ .12 Bread \$ .10 Butter \$ .10 Coffee \$ .10 Sugar and top of milk for coffee \$ .10 Total \$ 1.70

Mrs. G. Anders, Stratford, N. J. Menu Park for Milling Sauerkraut Butter Coffee Bread Pudding Cake

Mrs. H. C. Roller, Swarthmore, Pa. Menu Creamed Ham Baked Potatoes Bread Butter Coffee Apple Sauce

SALES SLIP One slice of ham \$ .10 One-quarter peck potatoes \$ .20 Bread \$ .05 Butter \$ .05 Coffee \$ .05 Sugar \$ .05 Milk \$ .05 Apples \$ .15 Total \$ 1.10 Very nice.

IF IT EVER GETS COOL



Photo by Central News

CARELESS HEARTS

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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How strange life was. Diana had wanted to help Alice, and here was Alice, again and self-reliant, trying to help her. It didn't matter why I did it, it was to help her. I had a reason, and Alice, I want you to promise me one thing. You must help me. I don't want Julian to know the truth. I'm sure he doesn't love me, anyway. I've given my promise to Gleaves. Promise me that you won't do anything more about this matter. You can't help me now, it's too late; but I want Julian to be happy, even if I can't be.

Diana flushed at Alice's question. It was true in a few short weeks she would be Gleaves' wife. She would go away with him to the West to cover each layer with wax paper. Seal and store in a cool place. Place the slices that is left from the chips in sterilized bottles. Stand the bottles in a preserving kettle and fill with water. Process for thirty minutes. Seal and then dip the tops of the bottles in melted paraffin. This quince honey is delicious on loaves or as a sauce, or for puddings, etc.

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Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Consult Doctor Dear Cynthia—Lately I have noticed that I am bewildered. When a child I'm positively sure that my limbs were straight. Can you give any reasons for this, and what would you advise me to do? Would appreciate a quick response in your column of the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER.

Better consult a reputable physician. NORA N. Another Poet and Critic

Dear Cynthia—You printed a poem by "Gleaves" called "Getting Hitched" in your column recently. It was beautiful. It inspired me. I wrote this epic on it.

Can verse Be worse? You can apply the same lines to the rhymes of Tennessee, Miss Twenty-one and the other such masters. Would that all their poetry was as short and snappy as mine. THE PLEBEIAN.

A Word of Advice Dear Cynthia—I have been following Sophists' rhetoric and their outbursts for some time with no little enjoyment and considerable amusement; but now the time has come when I beg your permission to put my finger in advice or warning for them.

Dear Cynthia—Although I have been very much interested in your column I have never yet attempted to enter. This is my problem: I am eighteen with a young man my own age. He has always loved me gently and manfully in my company. He has told me he loves me a lot of times, and said some day he would make me his wife.

Dear Cynthia—As you have helped so many people in their troubles, we thought we would come to you for advice. We are two young girls of a small town in which an attractive young man resides. He is very nice, and we are very fond of him, but as we are very young and he is a bit older, we are a little nervous.

Dear Cynthia—I have read with much interest the many letters and answers in your department, all from the young folks, and thought a letter from a bachelor of forty-one would at least change the usual age of the contributors.

Dear Cynthia—You live in a town. So does another girl and a man. You two like this man, but he likes the other girl. If you are both in love with him, you should try to get him to marry you.

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WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE



The spoiled child was in evidence before Solomon's time, and no doubt, the type will remain with the race until Doomsday. The nursery tyrant is always on his worst behavior when guests are present. In the illustration, an infant terrible is kicking the hapless visitor, upon whom, for business reasons, both host and hostess are anxious to make a favorable impression.

Dear Cynthia—Lately I have noticed that I am bewildered. When a child I'm positively sure that my limbs were straight. Can you give any reasons for this, and what would you advise me to do?

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YOU DON'T HAVE TO TALK IN ORDER TO ENJOY YOURSELF

The Unmarried Girl and Her Married Friend Enjoyed Each Other's Company Without Words or Explanations. They Were Busy Thinking

THEY hadn't said a word for about two blocks. "That's a good-looking dress," the unmarried one was thinking as she watched the woman ahead of them.

"I want something sort of like that when I get my serge dress, only I don't like heena with my complexion." "I guess a duvetyne would be better—oh, I want to see that movie, coming next week. Let's see. Monday I could. Tuesday's the card club. Wednesday no; Thursday—Thursday I could."

"Do you think Thursday—next Thursday?" she asked aloud. "No, not in the afternoon," replied the married one. "Why?" "Let's go to the movies. That thing I want to see is going to be there."

"All right," she said in silence again. "NOW let's see, that was five dollars," resumed the married one in her thoughts. "I don't see how it got to be that much."

"And then the laundry was a dollar and something last week, because I put all that extra stuff in. That makes six something. That makes six—oh, I don't see how I'm going to make it this time. Tom doesn't get paid until the 30th, and that's why, that's this is the 28th—that's Thursday, day after tomorrow!"

"Let's get some ice cream," she suggested suddenly, arising at this conclusion just as they approached the bakery. "All right," agreed the other, coming out of a dream about the dance at the club.

THEY ate solemnly, their eyes seeking faraway distances. "They have good ice cream here," offered the married one as if she were making a discovery.

"Yes, Thursday, the unmarried one, mopping a spot of it off her white skirt. "I can't keep a skirt clean for more than fifteen minutes after I put it on. 'Isn't it awful?' sympathized her friend."

They finished their ice cream, did few errands and started silently homeward. "I'm hot," suggested one, rather breathlessly. "So'm I," returned the other wistfully. "September always is, anyhow."

They reached the corner where their ways separated. A neighbor passed them, and they watched her go up the street. "She oughtn't to wear that dress," said the unmarried one; "makes her look fat."

"Um," assented the married one. "Well, call me up sometime—and we'll go to the movies next week." "Isn't it awful?" sympathized her friend. "And so they parted."

THEY hadn't had a quarrel; they weren't stupid; they weren't the quiet kind at all, and it wasn't because they were hot.

They were just good friends, that's all. You don't have to talk when you're lucky enough to have that kind of a friend. She understands that you like to think and plan and dream, just as much as she does.

She doesn't expect you to keep up a running fire of conversation in order to show how much you're enjoying yourself. She couldn't be bothered to answer you if you did.

She understands that's all. They had a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon, the married one and the unmarried one, and they didn't say more than two dozen words for two hours.

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

Looking in the Wrong Place ONLY a few weeks since, newspapers all over the country, day by day, gave the stirring story of the submarine S-5, which, diving deep into too shallow water, struck her nose so suddenly and tightly into the ocean's bottom that her machinery was disabled and she could not rise to the surface.

Somebody tried to turn on the automatic electrical device especially designed for such an emergency to spread the news of their plight. But that, too, had been thrown out of commission and would not work.

Fifty-five miles out at sea, imprisoned in a suffocating trap, the hapless crew seemed doomed to die the death of drowning rats.

Then occurred something which once more demonstrated that man, who created machinery, has not as has been said created a Frankenstein monster—he is not its slave, but its master. And though the gods still set up their favors at a price, human resourcefulness, hope, energy and perseverance are the chief purchasers.

The crew, caged in the cramped space, with the air rapidly getting worse, set to work each man taking his turn, with hand tools, to drill a hole through the steel skin of the submarine.

Through this hole they thrust a long wire carrying a fluttering rag, which was seen by a passing ship that recognized it as an S O S appeal, and "wireless" naval stations ashore to come quickly.

But the air within the submarine was momentarily growing fouler. Poisonous escaping gases made the men sick. It seemed a terrible, foregone conclusion that relief would not arrive in time.

With hope, born of desperation, springs eternal! With such crude tools as they had—a tiny chisel and a ratchet drill—the caged crew worked away at the small aperture they had already made, and enlarged it sufficiently to obtain a supply of the sorely needed, precious fresh air.

After awhile the rescuers came, and every man aboard was saved. And again it was proved that brains and energy, and hope and persistence can keep even death itself at bay—and that no situation is quite so black and hopeless as it seems if you only don't give up but keep on trying.

It is this same combination of qualities that often times we hear of keeps aviators from hurtling down from the skies, takes steamers to safe havens from treacherous, unseen shoals, and enables the great majority of us to elude the onrushing, crashing wheels of automobiles.

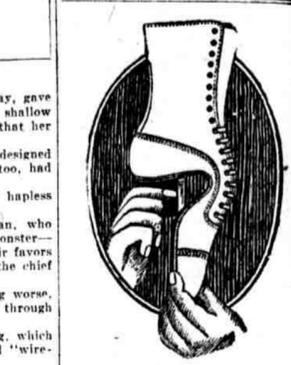
Machinery today is safer than ever before. But it is not yet accident-proof, or what is worse still, fool-proof. It probably never will be. And so long as such is the case, the human element will always be as important a factor as the mechanical. Skill, care, faithfulness and ingenuity will continue to command a high premium. And machinery that in a critical moment breaks down will meet a worthy match in the human thinker.

All of which lends us to this salient and comforting conclusion—that the man who because all he does is run a machine is disheartened and "does not see any future in his job" is looking in the wrong place.

It is not his "job"—the future of any situation is in the worker. There is hardly any situation, one way or the other, but is big with hidden possibilities. But the cerebral drill must get busy and bore.

We are told that 90 per cent of the people of our country have to do without things that they ought to have and could have if they only emphasized hard thinking and study instead of the number of hours at work.

Society still pays the price for originality, resourcefulness, daring and imagination.



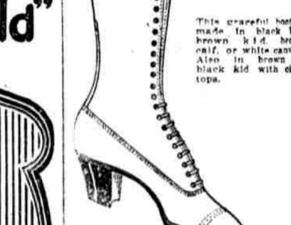
Do Your Feet Exercise Enough

Of course you walk, but when you walk do you exercise your feet? Do the muscles move freely? Does the blood circulate through them?

If you wear ordinary shoes, or metal appliances, your feet do not benefit from walking. They are bound by an unyielding sole. The muscles surrounding the bones of the arch are held in a vise and grow weak from disuse. Pressure retards circulation and saps the strength of the foot.

If you wear the Cantilever Shoe your feet exercise and grow strong with every step. The shank of Cantilever Shoes is flexible; it gives with the motor of walking. Instead of restricting the muscles it encourages them to work. By strengthening the muscles, Cantilever Shoes prevent and correct fallen arches.

Cantilever Shoes distribute the weight properly so that walking involves no strain. There is room for the toes. There is support for the arch. When you pull the laces, you draw up the flexible shank to fit the curve of the instep and render graceful support.

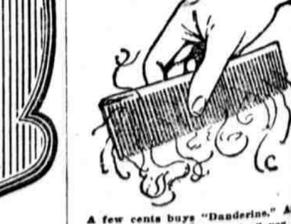


Well made, good looking, trim lines, fine leathers. Widths from AAAA to E. Try a pair this week.

CANTILEVER SHOE SHOP 1300 Walnut Street Over Cunard Office

"DANDERINE"

Stops Hair Coming Out Doubles Its Beauty.



A few cents buys "Danderine." After an application of "Danderine" you can not find a fallen hair or any dandruff besides your hair shows new life, brightness, more color and thickness. Adv.

HICKORY GARTERS FOR YOUR CHILDREN'S SAKE will withstand the hardest wear because only best grades of elastic, non-elastic and metal parts are used in their manufacture. The pins are very strong; buckles easily adjusted; patented rubber cushion clasp prevents stockings from tearing or sagging.

"The Finest Chocolate in the World" You've Eaten the Rest of Them Now Try the Best of Them THE FINEST ALMOND MILK CHOCOLATE BACHMAN'S SWEET MILK CHOCOLATE A highly Nutritious Economical Food Confection